

Virginian Press.

VOL. XXVI.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1833.

NO. 17.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
JOHN S. GALLAGHER.

CONDITIONS.
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CTS.

Payable half yearly; but Two Dollars will be received in payment in full, if paid entirely in advance. Whenever payment is deferred beyond the expiration of the year, interest will be charged.

ADVERTISING.
The terms of advertising are: For a square or less, \$1, for three insertions—larger ones in the same proportion. Each continuance, 25 cents per square.

All advertisements not ordered for a specific time, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

A. H. KITZMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL practice in the Superior and Inferior Courts of Loudoun and Jefferson. The transaction of all business committed to his management will be characterized by the strictest attention and punctuality. His office is on Market-st., Leesburg. April 18, 1833.—td.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of **Rupert & Kowalski**, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st inst. All persons indebted, are requested to come forward and settle their respective dues with **G. H. Rupert**, upon whom it has been devolved to close the concern.

G. H. RUPERT,
R. KOWALSKI.

May 30, 1833.—Gt.

G. H. RUPERT
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has just received, at the old stand, a supply of

New Goods,

which makes his assortment good. He is determined to sell cheap, and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of public patronage. Smithfield, May 30, 1833.

Silk Hats.

FOUR cases very elegant black and white Satin Beaver Hats, just received and for sale by **J. F. HAMTRAMCK.** Shepherdstown, May 30, 1833.

FISH.

25 Barrels No. 1, Bounty Herrings, (first run.) 10 bbls. Susquehanna Shad, trimmed and untrimmed. 5 bbls. North Carolina Shad, trimmed and untrimmed. 10 bbls. No. 1 and 2 Mackerel, just received and for sale by **J. F. HAMTRAMCK.** Shepherdstown, May 30, 1833.

Fancy Articles, Perfumery, &c.

FINGER RINGS, Ear do. Tooth brushes—Cards and Violins—Dominoes—Dice—Pencil Cases—Ivory Combs—Court Plaster—Snuff-boxes—Naples, Rose, Lafayette, Castile and Windsor Soap—Rouge—Aromatic Salts—Indian Ink—Water Colours—Flesh Brushes—Cloth—Hair—Pink Sauces, &c.

Just received, and for sale by **ADAM YOUNG, Jr.** Harpers-Ferry, April 25, 1833.

FRESH MEDICINES, &c.

ALOMEL, Camphor—Opium—Castor Oil—Cantharides—Quinine—Gum Myrrh—Lima Bark—Cream Tartar—Spirits Nitre—Garlicum Balsam—Swain's Panacea—Syrup Sarsaparilla—Balsam Fir—Cochineum—Chloride Lime—Wam Syrup—Balsam Copavia—Piperine—Necener's Powders—Jalap—Tocopherol with a general and large assortment of all articles connected with the Drug business, on hand and for sale by **ADAM YOUNG, Jr. Druggist.** Harpers-Ferry, April 25, 1833.

FRESH FRUITS, &c. &c.

ORANGES, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, Grapes, Dates, Prunes, Currants, Sultanina, Cocoa Nuts, Almonds, Filberts, Ground Peas, Palm Nuts, Ginger Nuts, English Walnuts, Liquorice Paste, Juniper Paste, Capers, Anchovies, Scotch Herring, Crackers, Citteron, Chocolate Drops, Bon Bons, Tamarinds, Cordials, Cigars, Tobacco, Moccoboy, Scotch and Harpers Snuff—Spices, Confectionary, a large assortment—Wines, Liquors, &c. &c. on hand and for sale, by **ADAM YOUNG, Jr. Druggist.** Harpers-Ferry, April 25, 1833.

Wagon, Carts & Ploughs.

I HAVE one good two-horse Wagon, two Carts, ten of Davis' celebrated Ploughs, assorted sizes. Also, one strong and neat Barouche for sale. **B. T. TOWNER.** Shepherdstown, April 18, 1833.

Lemons and Oranges

JUST received by **H. KEYES.** Charlestown, June 13, 1833.

MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA,
Iron and Brass Foundry.

HAVING completed and in operation, a **CUPOLA FURNACE**, with water power, I would inform all who may be wanting Castings, by the ton or smaller quantity, that they can be supplied, on the shortest notice, with castings of almost any dimensions or patterns, at my works, where will be kept **Hollow-ware, Stoves with Pipe, finished complete, Mould-boards for ploughs, Wagon Boxes, well finished, (inside,) of all sizes; all at as low prices as can be had at the common large furnaces.** All patterns sent to this Establishment shall be carefully preserved for the owner's use entirely, if desired.

67—Old broken Iron, Brass and Copper, taken in payment.

EDWARD A. GIBBS. Martinsburg, May 20, 1833.

WATCH MAKING.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has engaged a competent and steady hand to repair all kinds of **CLOCKS and WATCHES**, and hopes, by strict attention to that branch of his business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Silver Ware, Jewellery, &c.

All kinds of silver work made to order, as formerly, on the shortest notice. He has received a handsome addition to his former stock of **Watches and Jewellery**, all of the most modern style, which he offers on accommodation terms. He respectfully invites his friends and patrons to call and see his assortment.

CHARLES G. STEWART. Charlestown, June 6, 1833.—St.

O Yes! O Yes! O Yes!

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he will make

GRAIN GRADLES,

Mowing Scares, &c. at Mr. Samuel Strider's Blacksmith Shop, on Elk Branch, near the Old Furnace. He has on hand the best of timber from last year.

BENJAMIN KNOTTS. June 6, 1833.—St.

MASONIC.

THE anniversary of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by Amicable Lodge No. 155, at Snickersville, Loudoun county, Va. on Monday the 24th of June, on which occasion an oration will be delivered by **BR. JAMES G. BARNES**, in compliance with a request of the committee, after which, in compliance with a similar request, a sermon will be delivered by the Rev. **Dr. J. E. JACKSON.**

The members of the Smithfield, Winchester, Harpers-Ferry and Warrenton Lodges, with all other brethren in regular standing, are invited to attend.

WM. MCKNIGHT, JOHN MCKNIGHT, S. T. CONRAD, H. ELLIOTT. Committee.

May 9, 1833.

MASONIC.

THE ensuing anniversary of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by Equality Lodge, No. 136, in Martinsburg, Va. on Monday the 24th day of June next. All the neighboring Lodges and all brethren in regular standing, are respectfully invited to attend.

CHARLES JAS. FAULKNER, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, PETER GARDNER, EDMUND P. HUNTER, HARRISON WATTE. Committee of Arrangement.

May 23, 1833.

THE GLOBE TAVERN,

AT HARPERS-FERRY, VA.

(On Shenandoah-St.)

IS prepared to accommodate, in the most agreeable manner, company travelling to and from this place. The House is spacious, and has recently undergone various repairs, adding to its convenience and agreeableness. The public generally shall receive the most satisfactory accommodations, and a generous support is confidently expected by their humble servant, **JOHN FITZSIMMONS.**

May 16, 1833.—td.

N. B. Private families, travelling, can be accommodated. **J. F.**

HUMPHREY KEYS is now receiving and opening, his

Spring Goods,

Purchased since the depression in the prices of many articles.

Charlestown, May 2, 1833.

IRON.

THE subscribers have just received from the Roxbury Forge, Pennsylvania, Fifty tons of **IRON**, well assorted and of a superior quality, which they are offering on accommodation terms.

TIO'S C. LANE, & CO. Shepherdstown, March 25, 1833.

FOR SALE,

AT PRIVATE CONTRACT, on a credit of nine months, two young

Stud Horses,

one by Graculus, 5 years old this spring; the other by Rattler, 3 years old this spring—both thorough-bred. Also, several valuable work

Horses, Mares & Colts, Cattle & Sheep.

Apply to **WM. C. SINCLAIR,** Near McPherson's Mill. Jefferson county, May 25, 1833.—td.

Poetical.

From the New York American.

The following touching lines are from the pen of **Mrs. Florida White**, and were addressed to her father, Gen. Adair, of Kentucky, late Governor of that State, and at present a member of Congress. This gifted lady accompanies her husband, the Hon. Jos. M. White, of Florida, on a voyage to Europe, for the benefit of her health. The best wishes and earnest prayers of a wide circle of friends accompany them.

Farewell to thee, land of my birth!

Though I leave thee to wander afar,

Thou art dearer to me than the rest of the earth—

And thou'lt be dear to me now, even for years—

I shall think of thee always; and often in tears.

Farewell to thee—land of my free!

Alas! that thou shouldst be so dear!

If ever man cherish'd a patriot's fire,

And worshipp'd his country—'twas he:

O! how shall I part from his land—native shore,

If I fancied his arms would enfold me no more!

Sweet home of my mother—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

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As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

As I recall thee—farewell!

feelings of those for whom he has no particular respect or regard, no one will deny. That he is impatient in argument and intolerant of opposition, is equally certain; and the whole world knows that he is little solicitous to disguise the contempt or dislike. But much of this peevish irritability may find its origin and excuse in his physical sufferings. Almost from his boyhood, he has never known the blessings of health; he is irrefragably broken; and though he may live many years, they will, in all probability, be years of anxiety and suffering, embittered by the ridicule, instead of being soothed by the sympathy of world, which is ever apt to suppose that a man cannot be sick without dying. Men lingering under the slow consuming tyranny of a constitutional infirmity, and dying, not by inches, but the hundredth part of inches, seem to me among the most pitiable of the human race. The world, and even their friends, come at last to believe their malady imaginary; their complaints without cause. They grow tired of hearing a man always proclaiming himself a victim to disease yet at the same time taking his share in the business, and apparently in the enjoyments of life, and living on like the rest of his fellow creatures. They just at last never felt a wound, and the very circumstance that should excite additional commiseration too often gives occasion to cold neglect, or flippant ridicule.

In this painful situation is Mr. Randolph at present; and it seems to me, that an apology, at least, for his selfish disregard of the feelings of others, may be found in his own hopeless sufferings, and the want of sympathy. I know of no situation more calculated to make a man a misanthrope; and those who are foremost and loudest in their condemnation of Mr. Randolph, would do well to look into their own hearts, place themselves in his situation, and then ask whether it does not naturally lead to, though it may not justify, occasional irritation, or even habitual ill temper. I here speak of this distinguished man as a human being, and not as a politician. He is full of benignity and kindness. His treatment of servants, and especially his own slaves, was that of the kindest master; and he always called his personal attendant "Johnny," a circumstance, to my mind, strongly indicative of habitual good will towards him. To me, from whose admiration or applause he could, at that time, at least, anticipate neither honor nor advantage, his behaviour was uniformly kind, almost affectionate; and it will be very long before I lose the recollection of his conciliating smile, the music of his mellow voice, or the magic of his gentle manners. We passed our evenings together, or I may perhaps rather say, a good portion of the night, for he loved to sit up late, because, as he was wont to say, the grave, not the bed, was the place of rest for him. On these occasions there was a charm in his conversation I never found in that of any other person. Virginia was the goddess of his idolatry, and of her he delighted to talk. He loved her so much, and so dearly, that he sometimes almost forgot he was also a citizen of the United States. The glories and triumphs of the eloquence of Patrick Henry, and the ancient hospitality of the aristocracy of the Old Dominion, were also his favorite subjects, of which he never tired, and with which he never tired. In short, the impression on my mind is never to be eradicated, that his heart was liberal, open, and kind, and that his occasional ebullitions of spleen and impatience were the spontaneous, perhaps irrepressible efforts of a suffering and debilitated frame, to relieve itself a moment from the eternal impression of its own unceasing sorrows.

But, whatever may be the defects of Mr. Randolph's temper, no one can question his high and lofty independence of mind, or his unsullied integrity as a public agent or a private gentleman. In the former character, he was never swayed by his principles to suit any political crisis, and in the latter he may be emphatically called an honest man. His word and his bond are equally to be relied on—and as his country can never accuse him of sacrificing her interests to his own ambition, so no man can justly charge him with the breach of any private obligation. In both these respects, he stands an illustrious example to a country in which political integrity, and where it is too much our custom to forget the actions of a man in our admiration of his speeches.

It is with regret I add, that this brilliant man, who has already attracted the attention, not only of his countrymen, but of the world, will, in all probability, survive but a few years. His health appears irremediably lost, and his constitution irreparably injured. A premature decay seems gradually creeping upon all his vital powers, and an inevitable unseen influence appears to be dragging him to the grave. At the age of thirty, with all the world in his grasp, wealth in his possession, and glory and power in perspective, he is, in comparison, an infirm old man, with light glossy hair, parted over his forehead and tied loosely behind with a black ribbon; teeth white as ivory; an eye sparkling with intellect, and a countenance beamed with a thousand small wrinkles. At the distance of a hundred yards, he will be mistaken for an overgrown boy of premature growth; approach him, and at every step his appearance changes, and he becomes gradually metamorphosed into an old man. You will then see a face such as you never saw before, never will see again; if he never saw, a smile, such as you never beheld on the face of any other man; and when that smile passes away, a countenance bearing an expression of long continued anxiety and suffering, that will make your heart ache.

Such is Mr. Randolph, as he appeared to me at the age of thirty years. He may be wayward, eccentric, self-willed, and erratic. His opponents sometimes insinuate that he is mad; but this is nothing more than the whisperings of party malignity. Would to Heaven there were more such madmen among our rulers and legislators, to make fully silent and wickedness ashamed; to assert and defend the ancient principles of our revolution; to detect quick politicians, quack lawyers, and quack divines, and to afford to his countrymen an example of inflexible integrity both in public and private life. But he is original and unique in this as in every thing else; and when he departs this scene, in which he has suffered the martyrdom of sickness and detraction combined, if living, I will bear this testimony, that he will not leave behind any man that can claim superiority over him, as a glorious orator, a sagacious, high-minded, independent patriot, and inflexibly honest man.

The late John Randolph.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

The following sketch of this distinguished Orator, written thirty years ago, but never published, is furnished by a gentleman who had been in habits of intimacy with Mr. Randolph ever since it was written off-hand, after residing with him in the same hotel at Georgetown for some weeks, in a constant familiar intercourse, which has continued at intervals until the period of his decease. The writer bears his testimony, that nothing in the life and conduct of Mr. Randolph, during all their subsequent acquaintance, gave him occasion to believe for a moment that his early impressions of his character were in the slightest degree erroneous. —*New York Courier.*

Mr. RANDOLPH is beyond comparison the most singular and striking person I ever met with. As an orator, he is unquestionably the first in this country, and yet there are few men who labor under so many physical disadvantages. He seems made up of contradictions. Though his person is exceedingly tall, thin, and disproportioned, he is the most graceful man in the world; and with an almost faming voice, he is more distinctly heard in the House than the former is more noisy than a field preacher, and the latter more vociferous than a crier of oysters. When seated on the opposite side of the Hall of Congress, Mr. Randolph looks like a youth of sixteen; but when he rises to speak, there is an almost sublimity in the effect, proceeding from the singular contrast in his height when seated or standing. In the former his shoulders are raised, his head depressed, his body bent; in the latter he is seen with his figure dilated in the attitude of inspiration, his head raised, his long thin finger pointing, and his dark, clear ebullient eye flashing lightning, at the object of his overwhelming sarcasm.

Mr. Randolph looks, acts, and speaks like no other man I have ever seen. He is original, unique in every thing. His style of oratory is emphatically his own. Often diffusive and discursive in his subjects, his language is simple, brief, and direct, and however he may seem to wander from the point occasionally, he never fails to return to it with a bound, illuminating it with flashes of wit, or the happiest illustrations drawn from the sources of a retentive memory, and a rich imagination. Though eccentric in his conduct in the ordinary affairs of life, and his intercourse with the world, there will be found more of what is called common sense in his speeches than in those of any other man in Congress. His illustrations are almost always drawn from the most familiar sources, and no man is so happy in allusions to fables, proverbs, and the ordinary incidents of human life, of which he has been a keen observer. His is not that fungus species of eloquence which expends itself in empty declamation, sacrificing strength, clearness, and perspicuity to the more popular charm of redundant metaphors, and periods rounded with all the precision of the compass. Mr. Randolph is a man of wit, and wit deals in comparisons; yet his language is perfectly simple and less figurative than that of any of our distinguished speakers. This I attribute to the clearness and vigor of his conceptions. When a man distinctly comprehends his subject, he will explain himself in a few words and without metaphor; but when he is incapable of giving it a precise and definite form, his language becomes figurative, and his ideas like objects seen through a mist, have neither outline nor dimensions. Nothing is of more easy comprehension than the ideas and language of the great orator of Virginia.

Though continually worried by the little terrors of the house, who seem to be sent there for no other purpose than to bark at him, Mr. Randolph never becomes loud or boisterous, but utters the most biting sarcasm with a manner the most irritatingly courteous, and a voice that resembles the music of the spheres. Such, indeed, is the wonderful clearness of his voice, and the perfection of his enunciation, that his lowest tones circulate like echoes through the hall of Congress, and are more distinctly understood than the roarings of a storm. The bellows of a great orator Robert Ross. In all the requisites of a great orator he has no superior, and in the greatest of all, that of attracting, charming, riveting the attention of his hearers, no equal in this country or perhaps in the world.

Mr. Randolph has fared as most distinguished political leaders have done, in having his conduct misrepresented, his foibles exaggerated, and his peculiarities caricatured. The fault is in some measure his own. He spurs no adversary, and he has no right to expect they will spare him. In this respect his example may well be a warning, to incite among rival leaders the necessity of toleration in politics as well as religion. That he is irritable, capricious, and careless of the

Miscellaneous.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

We are indebted to Messrs. Geo. McDowell & Co., Booksellers of this city, for copies of two works, recently published by Messrs. Key & Biddle, Philadelphia.

Memoirs of Hortense Beaubarnais, Duchess of St. Lou, and Ex-Queen of Holland. The father of the accomplished subject of these memoirs was the Viscount Beaubarnais, who distinguished himself in the French Revolution under the command of Robespierre. He married in Martinique, Josephine, subsequently wife to Bonaparte, and Empress of France. On his return to France, he espoused the doctrines of the revolutionary party, and became a zealous advocate for the reform of abuses, and the establishment of liberal principles. He perished on the scaffold in 1793, and left two children, Eugene and Hortense, who were adopted by Bonaparte on his marriage with the widow, and the subject of the memoirs was subsequently married to Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

The memoirs of an individual of high rank, thus necessarily connected with the scenes of the French revolution cannot be otherwise than attractive. We accordingly find in this small volume a variety of incidents, rendered more interesting from the eventful period in which they occurred.

Wacousta, or the Prophecy, is a work partly founded on fact, and will be read with thrilling interest. The following notice of this work from the Detroit Journal and Advertiser, will supersede the necessity of any comment from ourselves.

"The scene of the work and the story upon which it is founded are of themselves calculated to bespeak a high degree of interest and curiosity—particularly when we recollect that the spot on which we stand is that upon which, seventy years ago, the spirit-stirring incidents commemorated in this work had their being and action."

The author has evinced a thorough acquaintance with our scenery and localities; and even the ravines and hills of which he speaks may have been found, without a violent stretch of the imagination, when the ground was clothed in its wild forest dress—since, even now, their miniature likeness exists.

The story, as our readers have already been informed, is founded upon the circumstance of the siege of the British Fortress by Pontiac; and the principal attempt of that chief to get possession of the works by surprise. The author has availed himself of the most of the historical facts connected with the siege; he has also blended with these the ball-playing ruse by which the capture of Mackinac was effected. With these he has woven a variety of incidents as episodes, which, together with the whole dramatic personae—with the exception of Pontiac himself and the Indian woman who informed Major Gladwin of Pontiac's design,—appear to be entirely the work of the author's imagination. Pontiac, by the by, is made to perform too tame and insignificant a part; and, if his bold spirit could be supposed to review the work the author would fare badly.

The story opens with the sudden appearance in the garrison of a mysterious intruder, who had made his entrance into the quarters of Col. De Haldimar, the commanding officer, and menaced him in the very centre of his force; and what gives a high degree of interest to the work in its commencement is—that, although the strictest discipline had been preserved—as well as the most vigilant guard—this mysterious being should have made both ingress and egress "past watch and ward," without having been seen by any of the garrison except the Colonel. This same individual is made to perform a principal part throughout the work; and for deeds of daring courage, incredible strength and agility, and all the other qualities which distinguish a savage hero, exceeds the famous Hawk Eye of our own Cooper. Wacousta, for that is his Indian name—it appears in the denouement—had been, with Col. De Haldimar, subalterns in the same regiment in their younger days; and had been dishonorably supplanted by his friend in the affections of a young lady to whom he had been ardently attached; and, through the instrumentality of the same false friend—who was no other than the Colonel himself—he was disgraced and dismissed from the army. He swore vengeance against his countrymen, and joined the Scotch in the rebellion of '43. He afterwards joined the French in Canada